

ence too unpleasant to hold me, luckily, I'm not tied down. I'm free."

"The delightful independence of riches! The grandeur and detachment of your point of view!" he spoke in a flare of excited bitterness. "What you have said is equivalent to saying that your friends of Florence are a matter of complete indifference to you!"

"I love my friends of Florence, and you know it, Gerald Fane! And I don't believe they'd ever turn against me, no matter what trouble I'd made for myself at that confounded *veglione*. But it's astonishing to me, dear boy, how ready you are to get mad at me. When you know me so well, too. You ought to be ashamed."

"I am, dear. It's my temper that's bad. And you're so kind," he meekly subsided. "May I count upon you at least to leave entirely to me the matter of exculpating Antonia to General Costanzi and De Brézé?"

"Oh, very well, if you think best."

(To be continued)

"Will you promise solemnly to be silent on the whole matter?"

"All right, I promise."

"Good night!" he said. "I dare n't look at my watch. I'm afraid I've kept you shockingly late."

THE night, when Gerald went out into it, was quieter and drier. The streets were altogether empty. He had quite forgotten having felt ill earlier in the evening. A thing he did remember, as he took out the large iron key to the door of home, was that after all Helen Aurora's telling him her story, he did not know how she came to be Mrs. Hawthorne. There must have been a second marriage. The second husband, whoever he was, had clearly not been important, and he was dead, for Mrs. Foss had told him explicitly that Aurora was a real, and not what is called in America a grass, widow. From this second husband it must have been that she derived her wealth.

Lincoln and Peter Cartwright

By J. B. MERWIN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had a dramatic and amusing clash with Peter Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist minister, that has escaped the thoroughgoing rakes of the biographers, who have not missed much of anything worth narrating. Lincoln told the story to me one day at his office in Springfield. I think his enjoyment in the telling was a little heightened by the fact that I was an ordained Congregational minister and that he had bested one of the cloth.

In the various biographies of Lincoln very little is told of his congressional campaign in 1846, when the Democrats ran Peter Cartwright against him. Cartwright, who enjoyed great popularity, had beaten Lincoln in 1832 when Lincoln was a candidate on the Whig ticket for the Illinois legislature. That was the only time he was ever defeated for an

elective office. When the Whigs nominated Lincoln for Congress in 1846 in the Springfield district, the Democrats, hoping to repeat their triumph of 1832, chose Peter Cartwright as their nominee. One of the issues of this campaign was religious orthodoxy. Lincoln was looked upon with suspicion because he would not subscribe to creeds. The Democrats thought they could beat him by injecting the religious issue. What Lincoln told me of the campaign warrants the assumption that there was nothing dull about it. Joshua F. Speed, Lincoln's friend, took a keen interest in Lincoln's fight and went about with him to various points in the district. Lincoln appointed a meeting for Cartwright's home town.

"Abe," said Speed, "you'd better stay away from there. That town is a Cartwright town. Cartwright's friends will

take it as an affront if you go there to speak."

"I 've got as many friends there as Cartwright has," replied Lincoln, "and I 'm going out there to talk to them."

As soon as the Lincoln afternoon meeting was advertised, Cartwright, not to be overshadowed, advertised a religious revival meeting for the same evening. Lincoln's meeting was very largely attended. Lincoln mixed with the people in characteristic fashion, and made a winning impression with his address.

"Speed," said he to his friend, "I want to hear what Dominie Cartwright has got to say to-night. I think he 'll light into me. I 'm going to stay over to the meeting to-night."

"Don't do it," cautioned Speed. "The old preacher is a fighter. Your presence at his revival meeting, after what he has said about your lack of religious regularity, will make it seem as if you were looking for trouble. Stay away from the meeting."

But Lincoln was determined to attend, and go he did. He sat in a rear seat, and probably his presence cast a depression over the meeting. Cartwright spoke powerfully along evangelistic lines, warning the unregenerate of their danger. Finally he gave the invitation about as follows:

"All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God, and go to heaven, will stand."

A sprinkling of men, women, and children rose. After they were seated the preacher went on:

"All who do not wish to go to hell will stand."

All the audience responded to this invitation with the exception of Lincoln. Whereupon every one expected something would happen; and it did.

"Sit down," said the preacher.

"I observe," he continued when all was again still, "that many responded to the first invitation to give their hearts to God and go to heaven. And I further observe that all of you save one indicated that you did not desire to go to hell. The sole exception," continued the preacher, his voice growing more impressive, "is Mr. Lincoln, who did not respond to either invitation. May I inquire of you, Mr. Lincoln," said Cartwright, with great earnestness and in a loud voice, "*where you are going?*"

The tall form of Lincoln rose to its full height, and he replied:

"I came here as a respectful listener. I did not know that I was to be singled out by Brother Cartwright. I believe in treating religious matters with due solemnity. I admit that the questions propounded by Brother Cartwright are of great importance. I did not feel called upon to answer as the rest of you did. Brother Cartwright asks me directly where I am going? I desire to reply with equal directness: *I am going to Congress.*"

The reply was so unexpected that it upset the meeting. The people did not know whether to laugh or not. They held in as long as they could, and then Lincoln's admirers burst out in hearty laughter, very much to the chagrin of Cartwright, who soon dismissed the meeting. The popular verdict among the people was that Cartwright had exceeded the proprieties in directly addressing Lincoln, and that Lincoln, as he almost invariably did, turned the tables on his adversary.

In connection with this congressional campaign, Lincoln told me that the only money expenditure he made in that canvass was twenty-five cents for the care of his horse while he attended the Cartwright meeting.

